

J.
NANCY
EVANS

Devilcats Songs, 1953. (Edited by Nancy Evans, UCLA, 1960.)

1.

DEVILCATS

The following page is a copy of the preface of a wartime songbook, compiled by a group of Marine pilots (some "retreads" or men reactivated from W.W. II) aboard the Rendova Bay, a CVE 114 escort carrier. This carrier stayed in the Yellow Sea, about fifty miles off Korea, near Sasebo. The planes took off from here and went in to bomb such towns as Sinanju, Haga-Ru, Kumi-Ri, and others mentioned in the songs.

The area of the sky patrolled by these Marine pilots was popularly known as "Mig Alley" and this is an important part of their songs. The Russian Mig is a very fast plane, faster than most of the American, but the F4U, the jet Marine pilots flew, was very manauverable and many of the "Retreads" had had experience with them in W.W. II.

The Marines, traditionally, have felt a very strong esprit de corps and this comes across very strongly in their songs. This mimeographed book collected aboard the Rendova contains over thirty songs, many of which have been parodied by these same men.

Melvin Patridge, a ^[Negro] graduate student at U.C.L.A. in the Motion Picture Dept., owns the copy of "Devilcats Songs" that the material was taken from. He was stationed aboard the Rendova during part of 1953. These songs had already been compiled and were being sung at that time. He translated many of the terms and spent much time explaining the attitudes that accompanied these songs, to me.

[Japan, 1953]

Devilcats Songs

VMF-212

[U.S. Marines Air Force,
Japan, 1953]

NE - Evans pages
w/ p. 34 revision

"DEVILCATS SONGS"

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The songs enclosed in this booklet are dedicated to those of you who enjoy good times, parties, and memories. They have been collected, written and edited by members, both past and present, of the "Devilcats", VMF-212, for your enjoyment.

The writers of some of these neo-hymns are unknown, but their imaginative lullabys live on in the hearts of all fighting marines. Herein lies the temper and the strength of America's fighting forces. For truly such romantic music, soothing frayed nerves, and calming fighting breasts, breeds but memories of pieces and contentment for the lonely soul far from his native Laguna Beach.

A book of this sort can never be completed, for as we travel from Pohang to Pusan, to Taegu, to Seoul, to Chinnampo, new ballads and verses will be discovered.

Even as we breath in the smoke from the 40 MM flak bursts, and sight the arcing of ever present tracers, these familar strains are what make it worth while. It is then with pleasure, the "Devilcats" of VMF-212, give to one and all this compilation of sentimental masterpieces. May all your souls rest in peace.

SAM HALL

This ballad has been widely collected in the U.S. It is found in Read 'Em and Weep by Sigmund Spaeth on P.159. It has been recorded by Josh White, Oscar Brand, and other singers of folk songs.

Sam Hall is widely known on college campuses and this one is known by Nancy Evans and many others from 1953 on the U.C.L.A. campus.

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BLACK SALOME

She's got rings on her fingers, didn't get them from me,
The ring in her nose, she loves it so,
She got from her ancestry.

Got a ring in her voice, the voice I idolize,
But the only rings she got from me are the rings beneath
her eyes.

Chorus:

I'm going to buy myself a black Salome,
A hotchy-coochy dancer from Baloney,
All that she wears is one yard of lace,
And some mosquito-netting round her face.
I like her clothes cause they don't cost a cent-a,
Leave lots of room for all the moveament-a,
There's no denying, I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' buy myself a black Salome!

Collected from the U.C.L.A. campus about 1951 by Nancy Evans. Widely known.

THE LADY IN RED

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Leery was closing the bar.

When he turned and he said to the lady in red,

"Get out, you can't stay where you are!"

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer as she thought
of the cold night ahead.

When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth,
And these are the words that he said;

Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should
know,

About the ways of college men, and how they come and go,
mostly go.

Now age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

If there is room.

This song is known on the U.C.L.A. campus at least as early as 1951 and collected by Nancy Evans. It is also contained in the Devilcat Songbook belonging to Melvin Patridge with slight variation.

"Her youth and beauty have left her,
And life has left it's sad scar."--
"About the ways of fly, fly boys,"

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers, Oh Lordy how they could love.
Swore to be true to each other, just as true as the stars above,
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the barroom to get her a bucket of beer,
Said to the old bar tender, "Has that pimp of mine been here?"
He was my man, but he's doin' me wrong.

Ain't gonna tell you no story, ain't gonna tell you no lie.
Johnnie was in 'bout an hour ago with a girl named Nelly Bligh,
He was your man, but he's doin' you wrong.

Frankie, she went to her bedroom, she didn't go back there for fun,
She reached under her pillow, got out her old .44 gun,
She's huntin' her man, 'cause he's doin' her wrong.

Frankie went down to the cat house, rang the old front door bell,
Said, "Come out of there all you chippies, or I'll blow you all to hell
I want my man, he's a doin' me wrong.

Frankie looked over the transom, and there to her great surprise,
Lyin' in the bed was Johnny, a levin' Nellie Bligh,
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.

Frankie pulled back her kimona, pulled out her old .44,
Rooty, toot, toot, three times she shoot, right thru that hardwood door
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong.
Roll me over easy, Roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my left side, 'cause my right side hurts me so,
I was her man, but I done her wrong.

Roll out your rubber tired carriage, Roll out your rubber
tired hack.

Takin' my man to the grave yard, and I ain't a goin' to
bring him back.

He was my man, but he done me wrong.

Taken from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge. This song is also
found in Read 'Em and Weep by Sigmund Spaeth and parodied on P. 70 of
G.I. Songs, edited by E. A. Palmer.

This widely known American ballad has been printed and recorded ex-
tensively. However, this does not seem to have standardized the
ballad to any great extent.

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E

Contributed by Allen Swebber of San Diego who says she learned it
in college around 1951.

VIOLATE ME, IN VIOLET TIME

Violate me, in violet time
In the vilest way that you know ho ho.

Rape me and ravage me, brutally savage me.
On me no mercy bestow ho ho.

To the best things in life I am totally oblivious,
I like a man who is lewd and lascivious.

Violate me in violet time,
In the vilest way that you know ho ho.

Contributed by Phillip Sprague of San Francisco who gave no date or place.

SEVEN OLD LADIES

Chorus: Seven old ladies locked in a lavatory,
They were there from Monday till Saturday,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first old lady was Elizabeth Dickel,
She hurled the gate cause she didn't have a nickel,
One foot in the bowl, Oh what a pickle,
And no body knew she was there!

The second old lady was Elizabeth Humphrey,
She sat on the bowl and couldn't get her rump free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third old lady was Elizabeth Bender,
She went in to repair a suspender,
But then it snapped up and ruined her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

Four more verses

Contributed by Phillip Sprague who gave no date or place. He mentioned that "We all eat at Ciro's" was in it somewhere, possibly as part of the chorus.

GIN TO THE CZAR

Chorus: Gin to the Czar, Ka -zi-ki-zi-ki Czar.
Hilo, Filo, Zi-ki-zki Zash.
Carash, Carash, -----

We have been friends, the Czar and I,
I've slept in the palace of the great Nickoli.
His wife and I slept in the same double bed,
She at the foot and me at the head.

And I've been shootin' with Rasputin,
Ate Farina with Serina, blitzen with the princes and the Czar.
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Borcht and vodka round the samovar.
I have been friends with the Czar,
But friendlier still with his pretty, young wife.

FASCINATIN' LADY

This song was contributed by Donna Schill who learned it at U.C.L.A. some time between 1952-6 in the Alpha Chi Omega house.

I wish I was a fascinatin' lady,
With a past that's fast and a future that is shady.
I'd live in a house with a little red light.
I'd sleep all day and work all night.

And once a month I'd take a short vacation
And drive the boy's almost to desperation
And once a year I'd go hog-wild,
And have myself an illegitimate child!
That's all!
That's enough!

Louise Meagher contributed a ~~rock~~ similar song learned in Santa Ana, Calif. around 1950.

I wish I was a fascinatin' bitch.
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich.
I'd live in a house, with a little red light.
I'd sleep all day and work all night.

And once a month I'd take a little rest,
And drive all the local boys mad.

POOR LIL

According to Vance Randolph, this song is found on P.140 of Geo. Milburn's Hobo's Hornbook. Also, it has been recorded by Oscar Brand who says it is a very old song.

It was learned on the U.CI L.A. campus by Nancy Evans about 1951. A similiar tune was learned by Lincoln Axe about 1952 at Reed College, Ore.

Oh, Lil she was a real gone cutie,
She lived in a house of ill-reputy.
The boys they came from miles around,
Just to see poor Lil in her nightgown.

Chorus: Poor Lil, Boom ti-a-da, ti-a-di-a-di-a.
Repeat 3 more times.

Now, day by day poor Lil grew thinner,
Because of the lack of vitamins in her.
She started taking Fleishmann's yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

As Lil lay on her bed of dishonor,
She felt the hand of the good lord upon her.
She said, "Now Lord, I do repent,
But this is goin' to cost you 75¢!"

NANCY BROWN

This song has been collected by Vance Randolph in the Ozarks in a very complete form. It is several verses long on page 580. Lincoln Axe heard it sung by a group of people from Carmel, Calif. He could not sing it but remembered the refrain; "As pure as the West Virginia Sky!"

A young girl, Nancy Brown, goes up into the hills with, in each verse, a farmer, a deacon, a cowboy, etc., and comes down, "As pure as the West Virginia Sky!" However, when she goes with a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills, the refrain goes; "To hell with the West Virginia sky!"

✓✓✓ 15

This version was contributed by Phillip Sprague of San Francisco, Calif., who knew it as a youth in Seattle, Wash., about 1930.

The exact chorus was known on the U.C.L.A. campus around 1953-56 by Nancy Evans and Donna Schill.

FRUNCTION JUNCTION

Are you from Frunction, from Frunction Junction,
Where the Frunction Junction suction cups are made?
Are you from Frunction, I say from Frunction?
Well, I'm from Frunction too!

Chorus:

Don't cry lady, I'll buy your god-damned flowers,
Don't cry lady, I'll buy your pencils too,
Don't cry lady, XXXX Take off those big dark glasses,
Hello, mother, I knew it was you.

THE BREEZES

(Tune: Irish Washerwoman)

Oh the breezes, the breezes,
They blow thru the tree-zus.
They blow the chemises
Above the girls' knees-zus.
The boy-zus they see-zus
And does what they pleases,
And gets the diseases.
Oh! Jesus. Oh! Jesus.

Contributed by Louise Meagher who learned it around 1948 in Junior High School in Santa Ana, Calif. This song is also found, without music, on page 71 of G.I. Songs, edited by Edgar Palmer, 1944, of Kingsport Press, Kingsport, Tenn. This copy, in line 5, substituted "Soldierboy" for "boy", and the last line is written, "By geezes, be geezes," probably because of censorship which the editor acknowledges in the introduction.

MRS. MURPHY'S DAUGHTER

Mrs. Murphy, Where's your daughter?
We came over to have some fun,
She's upstairs a makin' water,
She'll be down when she is done.

1. only

I love to see Mary make water,
She can pee such a beautiful stream,
She can pee for a mile and a quarter,
You can't see her ass for the steam.

To tune
"my Sonny"

V. Randolph
p 317

sung to
Rouben, R

BANGIN' AWAY ON LULU

This song is found in the Vance Randolph material who says it was sung in France by the marines in W.W.I. It is referred to in the O. Henry stories. Mr. Ed. Wagner from Arkansas recorded it for Vance Randolph in 1949.

Donna Schill had heard it at U.C.L.A. but couldn't remember anything but the title.

Walter Holt gave me the version below. He learned it at the Univ. of Delaware about 1956. Robert Cohen and Thomas Meagher also know this song.

Chorus: Banging away on Lulu,
Banging away all day,
Banging away on Lulu,
Banging away all day.

Lulu had a baby,
His name was Tixy Tim.
She put him in the toilet,
To see if he could swim.

He swam to the bottom,
He swam to the top,
~~Mr~~ Lulu got excited,
And grabbed him by the

Cock-tail, ginger ale

WINNEPEG WHORE

Vance Randolph has collected this song in his obscene material of the Ozarks. On page 312, there are several lines. Oscar Brand has recorded one version.

The version below was learned by Suzanne Small in Detroit, Mich. in 1942. She knew it as Saginaw Whore, probably because the Saginaw runs near Detroit. It was sung to the tune of "Rheuben, Rheuben."

SAGINAW WHORE

Sailin' down the Saginaw River,
What a pretty sight to see.
Sail right in the Saginaw whorehouse,
What a pretty place to be!

Some are sittin',
Some are standin',
Some are doin' it on the floor,
There stands _____ in the corner,
Doin' it with a Saginaw whore!

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E

Contributed by Walter Holt who learned it in the spring of 1952 from his brother at the Univ. of Arizona.

A GAY CABALLERO

There once was a gay caballero, a very fine gay caballero.
Who was very proud of his lottamarie, and both of his lottamario's.

He met a fine gay senorita, a very fine gay senorita.
Who wanted to see his lottamarie, and both of his lottamario's.

He pulled down her gay pansorosos, her very fine gay pansorosos,
And inserted in she his lottamarie and one of his lottamarios.

He caught a fine case of syphillos, a very fine case of syphillos,
Right on the end of his lottamarie and one of his lottamarios.

He went to a New York medico, a very fine New York medico,
Who snipped off the end of his lottamarie and one of his lottamarios.
sad

He went back to Rio de Janerio, that very ~~fine~~ gay caballero,
For all he had there was a handful of hair and one of his lottamarios.

This song was hummed to me by William Schill. He remembered that the hero was from Rio de Janerio and had black, shiny hair. He learned it in Hibbing, Minn. about 1930.

SAM HOUSTON

In Songs and Slang of the British Soldier: 1914-1918, by Brophy and Partridge, P. 43, a song called The Old Black Bull is found. All that is mentioned is that the tune is traditionally from Somerset, England. It was sung especially in Mesopotamia during the war.

The first two lines are: The old black bull came down from the mountain,
Euston, Dan Euston.
The old black bull came down from the mountain,
A long time ago.

The following verses are very similiar to the version that will follow.

→ The collected version below was known by Nancy Evans, then a student at U.C.L.A. (1951-55), and was well-known to other fraternity members on this campus.

SAM HOUSTON

The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Houston, Sam Houston.
The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Long time ago.

Chorus: It was a long time ago-o-o, a long time ago-o-o,
The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Long time ago.

He spied a heifer in a field a grazin',
Houston, Sam Houston.
He spied a heifer in a field a grazin',
Long time ago.

He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,
Long time ago.

He missed that heifer and he pfffffft all over,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He missed that heifer and he pfffffft all over,
Long time ago.

The big black bull went back to the mountain,
Houston, Sam Houston.
The big black bull went back to the mountain,
Long time ago.

OUR GOODMAN

This humorous ballad, collected by Child, has been found extensively in the United States. Vance Randolph has collected five variants in his obscene material from the Ozarks, P. 18-20.

This item was received from Kathryn Hoffman who learned it in high school in Inglewood, Calif. before 1924. The tune is a familiar ditty and many people could remember a line or two.

where the
bill is for
23.17
w. our Goodman
!

LITTLE BALL OF YARN

One version of this song has been recorded by Oscar Brand who says that it is very old. Vance Randolph has collected several versions, one from a Mr. Campbell of the Ozarks, 1931, whose tune is very like "Jesse James". Mr. Randolph says that this song is very like Robt. Burns, "The Yellow, Yellow Yorlin" which he also collected.

Mr. John Wickware (collected by Mr. Randolph) repeats as the last verse, one about a jail. It is similiar to the verse below, remembered by Louise Meagher who heard the whole song from a group of students from U.S.C. about 1948-49.

In the jail-house where I sit,
Rolling little balls of shit

And the people as they pass,
They shove peanuts up my ass,
Just for rolling up her little ball of yarn.

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

NO BALLS AT ALL

The night they were married, they jumped into bed.
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips they were red.
She felt for his penis, his penis was small.
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man with no balls at all.

Mother, Mother, I wish I were dead,
Down in my grave with my poor maidenhead,
Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you feel bad,
The very same thing happened when I married your Dad.

There are always Marines who will answer the call,
Of a wife of a man who has no balls at all,
He came in the springtime, he left in the fall,
Pooped out as a man who had no balls at all.

A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all,

This song is from the Devilcat Songbook belonging to Melvin Patridge.
Third verse of this song has been changed to Marine, but otherwise it is
very similiar to the Oscar Brand recording, "No Hips at All."

IN DAYS OF OLD

On P. 173 of Vance Randolph's obscene collection, he lists "The Mountaineers with Hairy Ears" and several others substituting cowboy, lumberman, pioneer, etc. The second version, the first two lines are:

In days of old,
When knights were bold, etc.
They lived in caves and ditches,
They smashed their cocks against the rocks,
The hardened sons of bitches.

Collected from Walter Holt who learned it from his brother in 1952.
His brother was attending the Univ. of Arizona.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And men were not particular.
They lined them up against the wall,
And screwed them perpendicular.

In days of old, and knights were bold,
And rubbers not invented.
They'd knot their jock around their cock,
And screw away contented.

A'GATHERIN' OF THE CLANSMEN

'Twas a meetin' of the clansmen, and all the lads were there,
A feelin' of the lassies among the pubic hairs.

Chorus:

Singin' a how do you last night,
How do Ya oo.
The laddie that had ya' last night,
He canna' have ye new.

The parson's daughter she was there, a sittin' down in front,
A wreath of roses in her hair, and a carrot up her cunt.

The parson's wife she was there, her ass against the wall,
A shoutin' to the laddies, "Come ye one, come all."

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

The queen was in the parlor, counting out her wealth,
The king was in the bedroom, playing with himself.

The village idiot he was there, a sittin' by the fire,
Attempting masturbation, with an Indian rubber tire.

The fat old cook she was there, a givin' us all the shits,
A leapin' off the mantel piece, and bounching off her tits.

The village "looney" he was there, sittin' on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and whistled through the hole.

There was fucking in the parlor, fucking in the ricks,
And you could na' hear the music, for the swishing of the pricks.

Now the party's over, they're all gone home to rest,
They said they liked the music, but they liked the fucking best.

From the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge around 1951-3.

Also known by Lincoln Axe, a fragment here and there from the Army,
Korean War, about 1953.

THE GREAT FUCKING WHEEL

Assailor told me as he died,
I know not whether the bastard lied.
He had a wife with twat so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned himself a great fucking wheel,
Attached to it a prick of steel,
To balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

Chorus:
Around, Chug, chug.
Around, Chug, chug.

Around and around went the great fucking wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
'Til at last the maiden cried,
"Tarry a moment, I'm satisfied".

Now this is the tale of the great orbit,
There was no method of stippin' it.
The maid was torn from twat to tit,
And the whole fucking issue blew up in shit.

Chorus.

From the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge around 1951-53.

The first verse is known by Lincoln Axe from Reed College, Oregon about 1951. The second two are known by Jim Evans, from U.C.L.A., 1951.

The complete song in this form is known by Robert Cohen around 1946 from Camp Seeley in Big Bear, Calif. He also knew a chorus that followed the hash verse like this:

Sung by the whore-house sextet,
Have you got a hard-on? Not yet.
Wait (until you get home, soggy and wet!

From the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge around 1951-3. According to Vance Randolph, "shag" means to copulate, or attack sexually.

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sittin' in O'Riley's bar,
Dreaming up a tale of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter?

Chorus:

Fiddley I Re, Fiddley I ay,
Fiddley IEE for the one ball Riley.
Rig a dig jig, balls and all,
Rub a dub dub, shag all.

I grabbed that she-bitch by the ass,
Slung my left leg up and over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

There came a knock upon my door,
Who should it be but her God-damned father,
Two horse pistols by his side,
Lookin' for the guy that shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the ass,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Rammed those pistols up his ass,
A damned sight further than I shagged his daughter.

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes that God-damned son of a bitch,
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter."

RED WING

- a. Contributed by Thomas Meagher from the Navy about 1953-54.

Oh, the moon shines tonight on Nellie Cartwright.
She couldn't fart right. Her ass was air-tight....

- ✓ b. Contributed by William Schill from Minnesota.

There once was an Indian maid, who wasn't a bit afraid,
To lie in the back of a western shack and let the cowboys tickle her crack.
She wasn't a bit surprised when her belly began to rise,
And out popped a nigger with a ring on his finger and his cockbetween his
eyes. Chorus.

The Vance Randolph collection, P. 251, has several versions of "There
Once Was an Indian Maid", a parody on "Redwing" which flourished around
the early 1900's.

- c. Contributed by Walter Holt from Univ. of Delaware.

There once was an Indian maid, who said she wasn't afraid,
To lay on her back in a tumble-down shack,
And let a cowboy stick it up her crack.

Then one day to her surprise, Her belly began to rise,
And out of her cunt jumped a little red runt,
With his ass between his eyes.

OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Alan Lomax claims that there are hundreds of obscene verses to this song. In the Vance Randolph collection, the title is Old Gism Trail. In parts of the South, gism is gravy or cream sauce, but in the Ozarks it is a slang term for seminal fluid. His verses begin on P. 253 and contain verses 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the following collections.

→ Version A is from the Devilcat songbook donated by Melvin Patridge, and was learned about 1953 in Japan.

Version B. came from Walter Holt who says it dates about 1952 from the Univ. of Arizona.

Version C. is from William Schill of Minnesota.

(versions B & C are not present!)
p. 36 goes on to "Rung Dong Doo")

G. LEGMAN

VALBONNE

(A.M.) France

A. COME A TI YI YIPPEE

Chorus: Ti Yi Yippee Yippee Yay, Yippee Yay,
Come a Ti Yi Yippee yippee Yay.

I jumped for the saddle, the saddle wasn't there,
I rammed eight inches up the old gray mare.

I went down cellar to get a glass of cider,
There sat a bedbug jackin' off a spider.

I went upstairs to get a glass of gin,
There sat the bedbug a workin' off agin.

I said, Now there, Jack, this won't do,
So I sat down myself and jacked off too.

The last time I seen her, and I ain't seen her since,
Shewas a jackin' off a _____ (torn out) through a picket fence.

The last time I SEE

[NIGGEK]

RING DANG DOO

On P. 175 of Vance Randolph's material, there is a song called "The Doo-Gee-Ma-Doo" which is very similiar to this. It has less story, more lyric, and is sung to the tune of the Irish Washerwoman. It is from Missouri. On P. 179, there is the title "Ring Dang Doo" and several lines like the version collected here. There is a third titled "Rang-a-tang-too" collected in Arkansas and sung to the tune of the "Arkansas Traveler."

The version here is from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge and according to him, the chorus is to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra Boom ti ay." The verse is sung to "Way down South in New Orleans." The chorus is:

Ay-yi-yi Boom ti ay!
Repeat.

Have you had yours' today?
I got mine yesterday!

(Lafayette mobile)

not complete

RING DANG DOO

Way down south in New Orleans,
There lived a blond of sweet sixteen,
With curly hair and eyes so blue,
And she had what is called a Ring-Dang-Doo.

A Ring-Dang-Doo pray what is that.
All covered with hair like a pussy cat.
So round and firm and split in two.
That's what you call a Ring-Dang-Doo.

She said young man you're a nice young feller,
She took me down into her cellar,
She fed me wine and whiskey too,
And she let me play with her Ring-Dang-Doo.

I looked around and standing there
Was her mother upon the stair,
"Oh daughter dear" were the words she said,
"You're a fool to lose your maidenhead,
So pack your trunk and your suitcase too,
And go to hell with your Ring-Dang-Doo."

She went to the city to be a whore.
She hung a sign upon her door,
A dollar down, no less will do,
To take a crack at the Ring-Dang-Doo.

So the Army came and the Navy went,
And the price went down to fifty cents,
From sweet sixteen to sixty two,
They all took a crack at the Ring-Dang-Doo.

So along came a prick named Mobey Dick,
He had the syph and the seven year itch,
He had the clap and the blue balls too,
And he put them all in the Ring-Dang-Doo.

Now she's dead beneath the sod.
Her snatch is pickled in alcohol.
Her tits are along Fifth Avenue.
That's what became of the Ring-Dang-Doo.

Collected from the Devilcat Songbook by Melvin Patridge around 1951-3.

Also found the last verse on P. 66 of Songs and Slang of the British Soldier: 1914-18. It is called, Send Out the Army and the Navy, and is supposed to have been written by a Scottish officer and first sung in Oct., 1914.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN

SIDNEY SPECIAL

Monday, I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday, I touched her on the knee,
And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress,
And Thursday her chemise, Gor' Blimey.

Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday, she gave me balls a tweak,
And it was Sunday after supper, I slipped the whole thing up her,
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor' Blimey.

I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground,
Livin' off the earnin's of a high class lady.

Don't want a bullet up me arse-hole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I would rather live in England, in jolly, jolly England,
A-Rogering me bloomin' live away, Gor' Blimey.

Call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the rank and the file,
Call out the bloody Territorials,
They'll keep England free,
You can call upon my mother, my sister and my brother,
But for Christ's sake, don't call me.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

On P. 442 of Vance Randolph's obscene folk songs of the Ozarks is a similiar song called "The Rogue He Followed Me." Oscar Brand has recorded a song much like the following version, and in G. I. Songs by E. A. Palmer, P. 167, the song, "The Waitress and the Sailor", is the same. It is the Navy version.

The following version is from Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge and is the Marine version of Bell Bottom Trousers.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

(Marine Version)

Once there lived a maiden down in Drury Lane,
Herm mistress was so good to her, her master was the same,
Along came a gyrene fresh in from the sea,
And he was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Zoot suits and parachutes, wings of golden hue,
He'll fly a Corsair like his Daddy used to do.

He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
And she like a foolish maid, thinking it no harm,
Crawled into the Gyrenes bed to keep the gyrene warm.

Early in the morning before the break of day,
He handed her a five pound note and this to her he did say,
"Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done,
And You may have a daughter, you may have a sonn.

"Now if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee.
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."
Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see,
Is never let a gyrene an inch above your knee. ←

Blow the candle out 60

TOORA LI OORA LI ANNIE

It isn't the rocking, the rolling, the rolling,
Now the foam on the crest of the wave,
It's the foam on the neck of the bottle, the bottle,
That's driving me down to my grave.

Chorus:

Sing toora li oora li Annie, li Annie,
Sing toor li oora li ai,
Singing toora li oora li Annie, li Annie,
Singing toora li oora li ai.

Now the crew they all ride in their motor boat, their motor boat,
The Captain he rides in his gig,
It don't go a God damned bit faster, bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of the camel, the camel,
Is greater than anyone thinks,
In moments of amorous passion, of passion,
He often makes love to the Sphinx.

Now the Sphinx's posterior organs, her organs,
Are deep in the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump of the camel, the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Extensive experimentation, 'mentation,
By Darwin, and Bexley, [Huxley A] and Hall,
Have proven the bung of the hedgehog, the hedgehog,
Can scarcely be "boogered" at all.

Now, here's to the boys up at Harvard, at Harvard,
And here's to those lads down at Yale,
Who successfully "boogered" the hedgehog, the hedgehog,
By ~~hating~~ the quills from his tail.

Now, here's to old Fort Massachusetts, Massachusetts,
And here's to the old Mohawk Trail,
And here's to that Indian maiden, that maiden,
That gave up our first piece of tail.

Now, here's to the girls down at Seoul, at Seoul,
And here's to the streets that they roam,
And here's to those dirty faced urchins, 'faced urchins,
God bless 'em, they may be our own.

This song is from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge, probably only
the last verse being original with the group who collected the book.

This song is from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is filled with queers, navigators, bombardier,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell,

Oh, there are no Air Force pilots in the fray,
Oh, there are no Air Force pilots in the fray,
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons and fancy clothes,
And there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.

Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the scrap,
Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the scrap,
They're all in (boots?) reading Bureau Aero News,
And there are no Navy pilots in the scrap.

BOQ's

There is no "Devilcat" down below,
Oh, there is no "Devilcat" down below,
They're all up in the stars, making I to
And there is no "Devilcat" down below.

RESERVES LAMENT

Tune: Mr. and Mississippi

I won't forget Korea,
 I can't forget old Guam,
 For Sigmund Rhee and Joe Stalin,
 Tried to make me feel at home.

I flew across the bomb line
 And got a hole or two,
 But all I get is a bunch of crap
 From you and you and you.

*
 The A-A was terrific,
 The small arms were intense,
 While the Fly Boys bombed the front lines,
 The divisions took the rest.

While the regulars held their desk jobs,
 The Reserves were called en mass,
 For the U.S. knew the Marine Reserves,
 Were the ones who'd save their ass.

Oh I was called to kick my ass,
 And have the U.N.*too,
 But all I get is a bunch of crap,
 From you and you and you.

Chorus:
 I Love you, dear old U.S.A. with all my aching heart.
 If I hadn't joined the damned Reserves, we wouldn't
 have to part.
 But we won't cry and we won't squawk for we are not
 alone,
 And one of these days the Regulars will come and
 we can all go home.

The attitudes expressed are evident from this song of the Marine Devilcat
 Songbook of Melvin Patridge.

* A.A.] anti-aircraft fire
 ** U.N.] United Nations

OLD NUMBER NINE

No.

Tune: Wreck of the 97

Twass a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight,
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line,
When in crap up to his ears stood a lousy volunteer,
With his order to fly Old Number Nine.

His ass ached with pain as he climbed into the plane,
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie,
And he muttered a prayer as he climbed into the air,
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As He neared old Haga-Ru he could see a school or two
And the women and children very well,
But how was he to know that he'd dive so God damn low,
And his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell.

In the wreck he was found, thinly spread o'er the ground,
And the crunchies they raised his weary head,
With his life almost spent, here's the message he sent,
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him go:

I used an eight to ten delay, but it didn't work out that
way,
And without a tail this F4U won't fly,
Tell the skipper for me that he now has twenty three,
You can roll up the ladder--Semper Fi.*

From the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge, this song demonstrated the attitudes of the Marine pilot. In the fourth verse, "Crunchies" were probably Marine or Army Infantry. In the last verse, "Semper Fi" was commonly used for "I got mine", expressing contentment, here used satirically.

* Semper Fi - A Marine catch-phrase (from the Latin "Semper Fidelis"), equivalent to the Navy's "Shore off the boat" (or: Fuck you), Jack - I've got mine. Usually said with the suggestive gesture of the upturned 'finger'.

BLESS EM ALL

Bless em all, bless em all, Those Boggies are sure on the ball,
They started a drive for the river Yalu, while we froze our butts
north of old Hagawu.
Then they bumped into five million Reds, and headed for Pusan instead,
We'll be home for Christmas, the kids never missed us,
So cheer up my lads, bless em all.

Bless em all, bless em all, MacArthur and Ridgeway and all,
They know all the answers, just how to withdraw, the speediest
Allies we ever saw,
But we're saying good-bye to them all, as southward their asses
they haul.
There'll be no gumbeating, we're glad their retreating,
So cheer up my lads, bless em all.

Bless em all, bless em all, The Commies, the U.N. and all
Those slant-eyed Chink soldiers struck Hagarugri, and now know
the meaning of USMC.
But we're saying good-bye to them all, as home thru the mountains
we crawl,
The snow is ass deep to a man in a jeep,
So cheer up my lads, bless em all.

Bless em all, bless em all, Bless Truman the cause of it all
He cut down the Corps and cut down the sea, the last rusty ships
of the U.S. Navy,
But we're saying good-bye to them all, as back to the frontlines
we crawl,
We're sure Harry S. will get out of this mess,
So cheer up my lads, bless em all.

Only a few Tinpan Alley tunes have lasted in oral tradition and Bless
Them All and I've Got Sixpence are two of the most popular English ones. They
have been borrowed and parodied by almost all the branches of the U.S. service.

This parody from the Devilcat ^{Songs} Handbook of Melvin Patridge effectively
shows the emotions of the Korean Marines.

SINANJU

Tune: My Darling Clementine

Once a flyer, do or dier, in his faithful Saber true,
 After bitchin', flew a mission to the town of Sinanju,
 Still in flight, he saw some mighty Russian Migs upon
 his tail,
 With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail.

Chorus:

Sayonada, Sayonada, Sayonada, Ah so des,
 If you find me, never mind me, I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang, went in busting, just to see what he could do.
 But alas, he made a pass, and that was all, they got him too.
 Thought an '80, I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me.
 Wasn't gone long when his swan song sounded just like this to me:
 Chorus:

Then a Thunder Jet, who hadn't blundered yet, thought he'd
 try it all alone.
 Like a blotter, hit the water, shook the hand of Davy Jones.
 So the tally, in Mig Alley, isn't quite like all the claims,
 But as a fair course to the Air Force, we won't mention any
 names.
 Chorus:

One of the most often parodied tunes, My Darling Clementine, this is just one of the sets of words used in the armed forces. Sinanju, like the songs following, was written during the Korean War, 1951-53, probably by the men who compiled the Devilcat Songbook. The planes, Saber Jet, Mustang, '80, Thunder Jet, belonged to different branches of the services, and the attitude that pilots' records may be exaggerated, is here expressed.

Many of the Marine pilots were "retreads", or W.W. II veterans called back, that were bitter about the war. Men in their thirties and forties, with many hours of flying time, saw pilots of the Army and Air Force and even the Navy rise in rank much faster than was common in the Marines. Furthermore, the Marines were still flying a W.W. II plane, the F4U, that was more maneuverable than the Russian Jet but not as fast. The Marine's life depended much on his experience and skill.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

Tune: On top of Old Smoky

On top of old Pyongyang
 All covered with flak
 I lost my poor wingman
 He never came back.

For flying is pleasure
 And crashing is grief
 But a quick triggered Commie
 Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you
 And take what you save
 But a quick triggered Commie
 Will lead you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
 And turn you to dust
 Not one Mig in a thousand
 A Corsair can trust.

They'll chase you and kill you
 And give you more lead
 Than cross-ties on a railroad
 Or Migs overhead.

The planes they will shutter
 The pilots will die
 And we'll all be forsaken
 And never know why.

So come all you pilots
 And listen to me
 Never fly over Sinanju
 Or old Kumi-Ri.

Now the moral of my story
 As I've told you before
 Never join the Marine Corps
 Or you'll fight every war.

Another popular tune for parody during both the Korean and W.W. II. This is found in the Devilcat Songbook.

I'M GONNA' GROUND LOOP MY F4U

Tune: Down by the Riverside
(Negro spiritual)

I'm gonna' ground loop my F4U,
Down by the runway side, (3 times)
I'm gonna' ground loop my F4U,
Down by the runway side,
Ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

Chorus:

I ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more,
I ain't gonna' escort a B-24,
I ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

I'm gonna' tear off my wings and flaps,
Down by the runway side, (3 times)
I'm gonna' tear off my wings and flaps,
Down by the runway side,
Ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

I'm gonna' turn off my IFF,
Down by the runway side, (3 times)
I'm gonna' turn off my IFF,
Down by the runway side,
Ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

I'm gonna' shack up with an Army nurse,
Down by the thirty first, (3 times)
I'm gonna' shack up with an Army nurse,
Down by the thirty first,
I ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

I'M gonna' shack up with a Japanese,
Down in the Valley of the Moon, (3 times)
I'm gonna' to shack up with a Japanese,
Down in the Valley of the Moon,
But I ain't gonna' go to Seoul no more.

Another popular tune for parody, this is found in the Devilcat Songbook. The F4U is the airplane Marines were flying, IFF means "Identification, friend or foe," on radio, thirty first is the 31st parallel, Valley of the Moon is probably an area of rest and rehabilitation.

PUSAN "U"

(Sioux City Sue)

We flew a bunch of Corsairs down the old Pusan way,
 We were the Devil Cat Raiders from Bofu near the bay.
 I met a girl who said 'twas true, she hailed from old Chingu.
 I asked her what her school was, she said, "Oh, Pusan "U"."

Chorus:

Oh, Pusan "U", Oh, Pusan "U",
 I hail my alma mater,
 To you, Oh Pusan "U".

I enrolled in that great college, founded by the Kin Pac Su
 'Twas built of honey buckets, so they named it Pusan "U".
 My girl was glad and I was had, but fortune saw me through,
 So now I lift this glass to the school of Pusan "U".

We have an A-1 basket ball team, We win our games straight through,
 They ask us where we come from, we say, oh Pusan "U".
 We have a pitcher who is tops, our batter is good too,
 And every time we come to bat, the crowd yells, Pusan "U".

I saw a girl most beautiful, she was a sight to view.
 She won a beauty contest, and was crowned "Miss Pusan 'U'",
 They spotted her in Hollywood, now she's a star there too,
 When asked to what she owes her fame, she says, Oh Pusan "U".

2nd Chorus:

Oh Pusan "U", Oh Pusan "U",
 Your course is good for engineers,
 "A" frames, Oh carts pulled by steers,
 Oh Pusan "U", Oh Pusan "U",
 I hail my alma mater,
 To you, Oh Pusan "U".

From the Devilcat Songbook, this song was widely sung by the Marines in Japan. The title, a play on words, satirizes the general attitude of the men. In the second verse, "honey buckets" are buckets of manure, and in the chorus, "A frames" are packracks worn by the Koreans.

CUTS AND GUTS

I
betcha ---
! This song is from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge and typifies the Marine pilot of the Korean War. The S S Rendova, the carrier whose men produced the Devilcat Songbook, is no longer than a football field, 100 yards, which is considerably shorter than most of the other carriers.

! The LSO is the officer in charge of bringing or guiding the plane into the landing on a carrier. The catapult shots the plane off the carrier, and the hook and barrier stop them on landings. "Recey" is [reconisense flight, O.D. is Officer of the Day, El Toro is the Marine Base near San Diego, Calif. Napalm is the jelly gasoline that they will use to sink the CVE's or small carriers.

CUTS AND GUTS

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Navy pilots fly off the big ones,
 Air force pilots aren't seen over the seas,
 But we're in the god damned Marine Corps,
 So we got these damn CVE's.

Chorus:

Cut and guts, cuts and guts,
 The guys that made carriers are nuts, all nuts,
 Cuts and guts, cuts and guts,
 The guys that fly off them are nuts.

The Midway has thousand foot runways,
 The Leyte eight hundred and ten,
 But we'd not have much of a carrier,
 With two of our tied end to end.

Our carrier is named for an island,
 An atoll that's Rendova,
 If its size is the same as our carrier,
 That bastard is under the sea.
 Our LSO's never give Rogers,
 We don't even know they can see,
 They say as we crash through the barrier,
 "He was OK when he went by me."

Our catapult shots are quite hairy,
 Our catapult gear is red hot,
 It never goes off when you're ready,
 And always goes off when you're not.

The air boss stands upon the island,
 His hand on the Yodel and Flat,
 We're cut and that God-Damned hook bounces,
 So he grabs good old "Paddles" and wags.
 We're back from a reccy at Sinnak,
 We're ready to smoke and to spout,
 That God-Damned O.D. saw us pancake,
 So he turns all the smoking lamp out.

We envy the boys on the big ones,
 We'd trade in a minute or two,
 'Cause we'd like to see those poor bastards,
 Try doing the things that we do.

Se maybe when this fracas is over,
 And at El Toro I'll be,
 I'll load up with rockets and Napalm,
 And sink all these damn CVE's.

52
E

SOUND-OFF

This method of counting cadence while marching was traditional with the Korean and 2nd W.W. It may go back further but the only hint I've found is the reference in Vance Randolph's collection called "I Got a Widder in Carico" which he says probably comes from an old minstrel show piece called "I've Got a Gal in Baltimore". Each verse is four lines, the first two lines of which now comprise some of the verses to "Sound-off."

This song is a modern-day work song, particular to marching, and difficult, if not impossible to sing when not marching. It has been said that the song is demanded by the men in the services when marching. In one case at least, the sargeant or person in command said one line which the men repeated, and then the second was shouted and repeated. William Spillsbury, a graduate student at U.C.L.A. and 2nd W.W. veteran, said that it was not being sung at Ft. Ord, Calif. in 1943 but in the fall of 1944 in Texas, it was being used during Basic Training.

Contributed by Walter Holt who learned it around 1956 at the Univ. of Delaware.

I know a gal who dresses in red,
She makes her livin' on a featherbed.

Contributed by Thomas Meagher who learned it in the Navy at the Great Lakes Training Station in 1950.

I know a girl from Kansas City,
She's got freckles on her titty.

I know a gal lives on the hill,
She won't do it but her sister will.

I know a woman eight feet tall,
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.

Chorus: Sound off, 1, 2. Ho-o 1, Ho-o 2. Ho-o 3, Ho-o 4.
Your left, right, left etc.

Contributed by Michael Allen, student of U.C.L.A., who learned it at Ft. Ord, Calif. from Sept. 1954 to Feb. 1955.

I got a gal in Wattsonville,
She won't do it but her sister will.

I got a gal in Tiajuana,
She knows how but she don't wanna'.

Contributed by Lincoln Axe from Ft. Ord, Calif., 1953, and Ft. Hood, Texas.

I don't know but I've been told,
Eskimo pussy's mighty cold.

LIMERICKS

The limericks, which are not usually thought of as folk songs, are included because there is a commonly known tune to which they are sung. Oscar Brand recorded a number of limericks to this tune.

Several collections of obscene limericks have been published in France, one by Gershon Legman and another by the Olympia Press (author English). They are very popular among college students.

The first page, In China They Do It for Chili, is from the Devilcat Songbook of Melvin Patridge. The third limerick is known by Walter Holt and Robert Cohen. Phillip Sprague repeated the seventh, substituting Ritz for Pitts, and Marlene Karikashian collected the eighth.

The B group was contributed by Walter Holt who learned them around 1953 from his brother who attended the Univ. Of Arizona. Robert Cohen recited the second and third.

The C group was learned from Phillip Sprague who heard them in the early 50's in Seattle, Wash.

The D group is from Donna Schill who says it is from Pasadena around 1948.

The E group is from Marlene Karikashian who collected them at U.C.L.A. in 1960. Robert Cohen knows the second.

The F group is from Robert Cohen of Los Angeles.

LIMERICKS

IN CHINA THEY DO IT FOR CHILI

1 There was a young man from Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick,
And wore all his foreskin away.

Chorus:

I-Yi-Yi-Yi, In China they do it for Chili,
Now this is the first verse, the first is the worst verse,
So waltz me around again, Willie.

2 There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

Walter
Holt too

3 There was a young man from Kent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
So to save himself trouble, he stuck it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

4 There was a young man from Racine,
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave or convex, it would fuck either sex,
And jerk itself off in between.

5 There was a young lady from France,
Who boarded a train in a trance,
The engineer fucked her, so did the conductor,
And the brakeman came off in his pants.

6
7 → There was a young man from Dundee,
Who googered an ape in a tree,
The results were most horrid, all ass and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

Phil Sprague
(Ritz)

There was a young man from Pitts,
Who planted an acre of tits,
They came up in the fall, pink nipples and all,
And he leisurely chewed them to bits.

8 There was a young man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
He said, "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

LIMERICKS

- B. There once was a maiden named Twilling,
Who went to a dentist for a filling,
But out of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity,
Now Twilling is nursing her filling.

There once was a man from Bel Air,
Who was screwing his wife on the stair,
But the bannister broke, so he quickened his stroke,
And polished her off in mid-air.

There once was a man named La Treme,
Who invented a jerk-off machine.
On the ninety-ninth stroke, the damn machine broke,
And La Treme was turned into cream.

- C. There once was a boy named Perkin,
Who was always jerkin' his perkin,
His mother said, "Perkin, quit jerkin' your perkin,
Your gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'."

There once was a man named Yoric,
Who had a penis historic,
He could raise erections of various selections,
Ionian, Corinthian, or Doric.

There once was a passionate pastor,
Whose feelings he never could master,
His ejaculations baptised congregations,
And hung from the ceiling like plaster.

- D. There once was a couple named Kelly,
Who went around belly to belly,
For you see in their haste, they used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

- E. There once was a pirate named Bates,
Who did a fandango on skates,
Till he slipped on his cutlass, and left himself nutless,
Now they say he's quite boring on dates.

There once was a man named Bass,
Whose balls were made out of brass,
When they came together, they played Stormy Weather,
And lightning shot out of his ass.

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LIMERICKS

F. There was a young man from Boston,
Who bought himself a new Austin,
It had plenty of class, there was room for his ass,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man of Cermises,
Who had balls of two different sizes,
One was so small it didn't matter at all,
But the other won several prizes.

BIBL

DEVILCATS SONGBOOK/NANCY EVANS

OK
cut pasted
⑦ FILED, or
LACKING IN
orig.
④ SAM
HALL

PAGES MISSING
IN PHOTOCOPY - COPY

~~X~~ = to copy.

- 1-4
- ~~7-9~~
- 11
- 14-~~18~~
- 22-23
- 26
- 29-30
- 39
- 42-44
- 46-51
- 53-~~56~~

- 1: preface / 2: devil cats pre / 3: Sam Hall hante
- 7: FRANKIE & JOHNNIE also 8
- 11: VIOLATE ME 18: SEVEN OLD LADIES
- 11: GINTO THE EZAR - orig.
- 14: Nancy Brown Adnote.
- 15: Franchin Junction.
- 22: our Goodman Adnt.

~~11~~ NANCY
BROWN
(WVA)
23 OUR
GOODMAN
(1924 orig)

26 = ??
29-30 = ??

39: Bell Bottom Readnote
Fighter Pilot Staff.

LIMERICKS

WILL EVENTUALLY
TURN UP IN
FILE

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EVANS, Nancy. See Devilcats, 1953¹/_N 60.

Devilcats Songs. [Japan, ~~Japan~~ Yellow Sea, off Sasebo, Korea:
VMF-212* U.S. Marine Air Force, aboard ~~CVF #4~~ "Devilcats,"
~~escort~~ aircraft-carrier "Rendova Bay," c. 1953. Mimeographed.
— Exact description and location ~~not known~~. Preface page and all or a
large proportion of service songs ~~retyped~~ contained were
xeroxed ~~retyped~~ with edit and Readnote by Nancy Evans, with
bandy college songs, as a ~~temp~~-paper for course on folk song
taught by Ed Kahn at UCLA, Spring 1960, by Nancy EVANS,
caption-titled: Devilcats. [Los Angeles, 1960.] ~~xerographed~~
56 p. 4 to ~~typewritten~~ from typewriting,
University of California,

original

CASTRATION

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fearful nature narrow down identically to one: castration.

Scatological themes, which will be treated in the chapters following, clearly fall into the anxiety-laden group too, if only from the dysphemistic grossness of their vocabulary and the graphic images employed. The significant difference between the verbal sadism of the 'nasty' or scatological joke, and that of the castration joke, is in the effect sought to be produced. The purpose of the 'nasty' or scatological joke is to shock. The purpose of the castration joke is to reassure, though its images may be just as nasty and shocking as those of any other. When medical students spread their lunches among the partly cut-up cadavers — as folklore has it that they do — and try to drive out retching the newest members of the class, by means of a long and detailed appetizer-story about, for instance, two hungry bums fighting for the possession of a bottle of snot (or tuberculosis sputum, thrown from a train, as in chapter 12.IV.5, preceding), the purpose — like the purpose of most surgical humor — is clearly sadistic, and not at all, as rationalized, to inure the new student to the horrors of his profession. But when crop-headed young fraternity brothers in engineering or the arts sit down to a late evening bull-session — with the homosexual sub-stratum of 'just among us boys,' *bien entendu* — to swap castration and vaginadentata stories (told and sworn to as actual occurrences, with a wealth of verisimilitudinous details), the purpose, just as clearly, is to reassure both teller and listener that these horrible things, though they may happen, happen only to somebody else.

Charles Doughty records, in his *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888) that he often heard tell of a 'fanatical, wild, cruel, malicious tribe,' *El-Kahtan*, among whom 'atrocious circumcision' was 'fabled to be used.' They were also reputed to be cannibals, drank blood, and killed tobacco-smokers — this last evidently a thrust at himself. But however far he progressed into the desert, he never could find them. (The name *Kahtan* — ed. 1936, pp. 170 and 633 — appears to be simply a corruption of the Arabic *khitan*, circumcision.) In the same way, Bronislaw Malinowski tells the tale, in *The Sexual Life of Savages* (1929) pp. 273-9 and 422-6, of the wild Amazons of the Trobriand Islands, of whom he kept hearing from every quarter of the compass: the *yausa* weeding-women of Okayaulo in the south, and the 'rabid' nymphomaniacs of Kaytalugi in the north, who grow 'a new kind of banana,' the *usikela* (Pat O'Brien's joke about the nymphomaniac on the pulsating-banana ranch?) and who copulate with men's noses and toes — after using them up in the ordinary way — until they die. Halfway between jest & earnest, Malinowski spends several pages explaining that he could not, or was not sure he dared (p. 276) find out at first hand about

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Sept. 25, 1966

Dear Mr. Legman,

Here is the material I mentioned, the "Devilcats" songbook, and some college material. It was compiled in the spring of 1960 for an extension class, Folksong, taught by Ed. Kahn. The original is either in the U.C.L.A. archives or in Ed Kahn's possession. He mentioned sending it, or a copy, to you on various occasions but probably never got around to it.

The original copy of "Devilcats Songs"^{book, c. 1951-53} is owned by Melvin Patridge, as mentioned in the preface. Last I heard, he was teaching in the motion picture dept. of a negro college in Austin. Pat was quite sentimentally attached to the songbook but his wife had eyes for burning it. Due to the matriarchal background, she may have succeeded!

The college material is not representative of the campus in general. I had forgotten much of the undergraduate's repertoire and was living in Veterans' Housing, an on-campus area for students with families. Therefore, the college material also includes contributions from the veterans, learned in the service.

Sorry about the Xerox! It may be lousy, but in this case it's free, and the retyping would only increase the paper's inaccuracies anyway. The existing ones can be blamed partially on the "1 pencil stub and \$1 for beer" technique, chiefly the alcoholic effect on the collector.

Using your description in "The Bawdy Song", I will hazard a guess that "A' Gatherin' of the Clansmen" is "The Ball o' Kirriemuir". Yes?

If you have any questions, please write and I will try to dredge up answers. Possibly I could track the copy at U.C.L.A. or even find Pat Patridge.

Thanks for your great letter,
Sincerely,

Nancy Evans

336 Peach Tree Lane,
Newport Beach, Calif. 92660
U.S. A.

UCLA
Student
1951-1955

29 Aug. 1966

Dear Nancy Evans,

You are the first subscriber to KRYPTADIA: THE JOURNAL OF EROTIC FOLKLORE, and are going to get copies free as long as it comes out. It is to be a yearbook, at ten or fifteen bucks a shot, and I wonder if you could afford it, as a student at UCLA. Anyhow you get the honorary sub.--but where did you read about it? I can't believe anyone really gave it a plug! Please tell me. Even send me the clipping: I am strong on authentic documents, proof, etc. -- though I take your word about LENNY LIVES! without asking for the wall of the bar in Tiburon. (In Mexico there is a song about Zapata, the real hero of the Villa revolution, which ends, spoken: "Zapata is not dead. He was seen...[voice trails off]...riding in the mountains." Lenny Bruce rides in the mountains of Argentina, high as the Blackballer out of Norfolk on Mother Legman's Bad-ass Alkali Trips. Your mentioning Tiburon reminds me of my job last year, as writer-in-residence for the Univ. of California, mostly at LaJolla and Berkeley: the strawberry wine they sell at the place with the circular staircase there was the nicest-tasting thing in America.

I am trying to get a publisher interested in printing all Bruce's lectures and acts, from tapes etc. It is a crime his stuff appears only in police reports in the papers! Everybody yammers about Alfred Jarry (my translation of the "King Turd" plays is now on in London, etc.), but Swift or Jarry would be writing exactly like L. Bruce if they were alive today, and nobody realizes that. I am working on an introduction for this, including the necessary and inevitable meeting between Secret Agent James "Phallic" Bond and Super-Secret Agent No. 71, Modesty Bitch, who strangles him with poisoned pussy-hairs strung across her knees; but I am having trouble figuring out how to work a sequel, if this goes over, with the hero dead. As, of course, she is him in drag, and he is her in fetishistic-degenerate clothes right out of Vogue, it all works out in the end. I got it licked....

Until I know for sure you are not my new FBI-stooge (not a gag, curiously enough), I really don't know where my Limerick book can be had. I know it costs \$20 and more in Paris and is now out of print: piracies are threatened but not complete. I am very keen on Army mimeographica and have two Korean Marine items ("Death Rattlers" and "Mag 34, or Come On You Mother-Fuckers, Do You Want to Live Forever!") Please send me a copy of this, or, if you are down to your last one, a clean photocopy will do I guess. (Xerox is always lousy.) You won't be sorry. I am sure there is something wrong with you as in and as the same dian way, for caring about erotic folklore at all, and something wrong with me, (obviously), thanks

for your letter. Write again.